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JAMES HANDS POLITICAL PIE

He and Secretary Tumulty Chief Cooks.

"Kitchen Cabinet" Flourishes Now Greater than in Any Other Administration.

Washington, Oct. 26.—It was freely predicted when President Wilson took his office that he would have no "kitchen cabinet."

Former Presidents for many years have had "kitchen cabinets," but Mr. Wilson was to be an exception. He was to run his office without any little circle of favorite advisers.

How completely this prediction has gone to smash is shown by the fact that President Wilson now has a "kitchen cabinet" par excellence. It has forty times as much influence in shaping the executive acts and legislative policies of the President as his regular cabinet, consisting of the heads of the ten executive departments. The regular cabinet, in fact, came nearly being wiped off the map a time back, altho it is now showing signs of returning animation. For about three months it was not called together—a most unprecedented situation—but the President would consult from time to time with its individual members.

The head and front of the President's "kitchen cabinet" is Joe Tumulty, his private secretary. Tumulty, a beardless young man in his thirties, has an old and wise head on his shoulders. And, speaking by and large, he "cuts more ice" than any other Presidential private secretary that ever lived in this country, which is saying a good deal, as there have been Presidents' secretaries, Lamont, Cortelyou, Loeb and others, who have been big political factors in their times.

Tumulty is the practical politician of the White House firm. The President's mind is on big things and more and more he is adopting the motto: "Leave that to Joe." Joe just loves politics and without a hand in the political game he would be like a fish out of water.

There never was a president who embraced suggestions from his private secretary with that complete confidence with which President Wilson receives tips from Joe. Especially in all matters of patronage Joe comes pretty nearly forming the slate for confirmation. If there is anything the President despises most of all it is cutting the pie. Joe is never happier than when he is presiding at the pie counter, dispensing slices to good fellows here and there.

The "kitchen cabinet" revolves around Joe more than around the President. Many an important matter is "fixed up" at the sessions of the kitchen cabinet that later comes before the public in the form of a White House announcement. The personnel of the "kitchen cabinet" consists largely of four persons. It will be interesting and gratifying to newspaper men to know that a member of their profession is also a star member of the "kitchen cabinet."

This interesting and versatile personage is Thomas J. Pence, formerly Washington correspondent of the Raleigh News and Observer. Secretary of the Navy Josephine Daniel's paper. Mr. Pence is an old-timer on Newspaper Row. He is a good-looking, likable bachelor. He is in charge of the Democratic national headquarters in the Hibbs Building and when he is not there he is very likely to be found in Joe Tumulty's room at the White House. Along with Tom Pence and occupying an equal station of prominence in the "kitchen cabinet" is Senator Ollie M. James of Kentucky. The pull which that Kentucky colonel, James, has at the White House is something fierce. James will be remembered for many things, including his masterful oratory at Democratic national conventions. He was the permanent presiding officer of the Baltimore convention last year.

But he was not a Wilson man, which makes his present position of favor at the White House rather inexplicable. He helped to organize a Champ Clark delegation in Kentucky. He threw his whole soul into the fight and Kentucky lined up for

Clark beautifully. The original Wilson men never knew what struck them when the road roller came their way.

After the inauguration the original Wilson men in Kentucky looked for some handsome pickings at the White House. They fancied there would be no trouble overriding Senator James, the erstwhile boomer of Clark. But Senator James warned right up to the White House and the White House warmed right up to him. When the Kentucky original Wilson men submitted their recommendations for appointments the White House bowed them right over like tenpins and named Senator James' choice for every office. James diplomatically passed out part of the pie to Wilson men, so as to keep down friction, but he did the passing and he named the men.

James calls Tumulty "Joe" and Tumulty calls James "Ollie" and they are thick as two peas in a pod. When Tumulty, who is a humorist as well as an enthusiast, runs across something especially good he is apt to remark:

"I'll have to call up Ollie and tell him about that." When "Joe" goes to the Capitol to round up the Democratic senators for a vote to sustain an administration policy, as he does occasionally at critical times, he uses Senator James' Committee room, No. 32, as his headquarters. It is equipped with a telephone and is handy of access to the floor, being just below the Senate Chamber, with a big, wide stairway between. It is the room formerly occupied by Benjamin Harrison when he was a Senator and later by Senator Beveridge of Indiana. Nowadays it is the capital headquarters of the "kitchen cabinet."

The fourth member in full standing of the "kitchen cabinet" is Senator William Hughes of New Jersey. Senator Hughes is a favorite at the White House and likewise a friend of long standing of Senator James, they having served in the House together. He holds a union card and has been a booster of legislation demanded by the American Federation of Labor. There are several near-members of the "kitchen cabinet," who hold about the same relationship to it that non-resident members do to a club. In this list may be mentioned Senator Kern, the Democratic leader, who stands "ace high" with the President but who is not one of Joe Tumulty's little coterie that does business behind the scenes.

SOCIETY BURGLAR GOT BY A JEWELER Yeggman Sells Stolen Diamonds To Retailers at Actual Value.

San Francisco, Oct. 28.—For five years William Bastain has been accepted by local business men as a responsible citizen with a profitable wholesale jewelry business. His property investments have been numerous and large; thousands of dollars have been sent by him to support his mother in Germany and his young sister has had the best educational and social advantages.

Today he lies in the city prison, a confessed robber, with a record covering many years, captured by a pet bull pup, which pinned him in a corner as he stole through a back yard in the night.

"My work has been so easy it has been laughable," Bastain told the detectives when he finally broke down. "I have never been disturbed while at work. The people I did business with believed me to be absolutely what I represented myself. Jewelers bought my diamonds and the mint took my melted gold without question.

"I always have been a natural thief and I have found it easy to steal things, but I am averse to killing or injuring. Never had been in a position where I had to shoot until Friday night. My reluctance to use my revolver caused my capture."

Evidence to substantiate Bastain's alleged confession is said by the police to have been found in his handsomely fitted apartments where he lived with his young sister.

The girl was unaware of his source of revenue, he said, and the police are inclined to believe him.

Save your laundry for Fred May, agent for the famous Pearl Laundry, of Evansville. Laundry called for and delivered, or leave at Barnes' Restaurant, Main street.

COB PIPES IN THE CAPITAL

Real Kentucky Article In- vades Washington.

Many Congressmen Become De- votes to the Sweetest Smoke Yet—Cob Pipe.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The Kentucky corn cob pipe, the real thing in cob pipes, the article with the long, reed stem and the deep bowl, has taken Washington by storm. Representative Arthur B. Rouse, of Covington, first introduced it at the Capitol. He distributed a few among his fellow members and the Capital correspondents. It was not long until Capt. Jimmy Sloane, chief of the secret service men assigned to accompany and look after the President, sighted one of the Kentucky pipes.

Capt. Sloane insisted that he must have one, and at once his wish was gratified, and he became an enthusiastic booster. By this time it was no uncommon thing to see one of these long-stemmed pipes preceding some smoker as he strolled around the Capitol or the streets of Washington. About this time Prof. Axton, of Princeton, brother-in-law of the President, came to Washington for a visit. If there's one thing Prof. Axton enlivens over, it is a pipe. He absolutely refuses to begin a game of golf without first being certain that his pipe is loaded and that he has plenty of tobacco in his pocket.

This habit of Prof. Axton causes the President, his golf companion, much amusement. When the Princeton man caught sight of the Kentucky article his comments were superfluous and commendatory. Capt. Sloane at once decided that he should have such a pipe. Calling on a friend among the newspaper correspondents from down Kentucky way, he declared that he must have a Kentucky pipe for Prof. Axton. Meanwhile Jack Wheeler, who works with Capt. Sloane, had become so envious of the latter's possession that he declared the only key to happiness in the family was for him to be supplied with a long-stemmed corn-cob smoker.

In this extremity the correspondent took the matter up, to use a Capitol phrase, with former Mayor John Skain, of Lexington, pleading with him to put said correspondent in touch with the maker of these pipes. Mayor Skain's response was a parcel post package containing two of the most appealing things in the way of a pipe which ever reached Washington. Accompanying the pipes was a letter from Mr. Skain in which he waxed eloquent concerning his gifts in the following language:

"Complying with your request, I am sending you by parcel post two of the best cob pipes that ever grew in old Kentucky. They are as hard as flint and will produce as sweet a smoke as any Indian chief ever enjoyed. They are not the ordinary machine made pipes, but the genuine hand-carved. I hope you will do everything you can to encourage the use of the Kentucky corn cob pipe. The high cost of living can be materially decreased if our smokers will turn from the high-priced products of Havana, in cigar form, and yield to the seductive influence of the corn cob pipe, the favorite of our ancestors."

Mr. Skain and former Senator Thomas A. Combs, of Lexington, are two of the devotees of the big Kentucky corn-cob pipe, and so strong is their devotion to it that their friends would hardly recognize them were they to meet them without this constant companion decorating their faces.

Big Coal Mines Sold.

Morganfield, Ky., Oct. 25.—The Thomas coal mines here have been sold to the Jackson Coal Company, of Ft. Branch, Ind. The property was sold a year ago to the Bidell Coal Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., by the E. K. Ashby Co., of Evansville, but a few days after the transfer the purchaser died, and the property has since remained idle. The Jackson company will take charge at once, make many improvements and operate the mines on a big scale.

LOUIS PHILLIP IN KENTUCKY

After He Became King Sent Painting to Church.

King of the French Lived in Ex- ile at Bardstown for Sev- eral Years.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 27.—How Louis Philippe, Duc D'Orleans and later King of the French, lived for several years at Bardstown, Ky., and even paid court to a pretty maid of Frankfort, the State Capital, is related by the Countess Spottswood-Mackin. The Bourbon exile found America an asylum during a most troublous period of his eventful career, when Marat had proposed the setting of a price upon his head. Priceless objects of art were presented by him to St. Joseph's Cathedral at Bardstown after he became sovereign of France and, later, following the downfall of his dynasty. Among the art works are several vestments of beauty and intrinsic value embroidered by Louis Philippe's Queen, Marie Amelie, and his sister, Adelaide, after the flight of the court to England, which still repose in the Bardstown Cathedral.

Returning from the recent world peace conference at St. Louis, the Countess Spottswood-Mackin made a pilgrimage to her alma mater, the convent-academy at Nazareth, and while there she obtained material evidence of the sojourn of Louis Philippe, which has been shrouded in mystery and doubt by historical writers of the past.

"While visiting Frankfort the dundering party was entertained at the Love House, which has ever been associated with Burr's conspiracy, where a gala ball was tendered in their honor," writes the countess. "The stately minuet was danced and Louis Philippe invited a young lady to dance with him, but she declined, fearing to wound the feelings of a plain young man with whom she had but a short while before declined to enter the minuet. That the royal maiden made a more than superficial impression upon his highness is apparent from the fact that when, three decades or more later, he found himself King of the French, gentleman from Frankfort who had known him during the period of his exile called upon him at Paris. The King inquired for his Frankfort queen and chatted pleasantly of the ball at the Love House and the incident of the minuet.

"In a centennial ode to the city of Frankfort in 1886 Major T. H. Stanton, of that place, penned the following verses:

The Love House stands no longer here
Where from the crowd secluded
The cold, ambitious Aaron Burr
His scheme of empire brooded.

But some are mindful of the dance
In stately grace perfected,
When once the proffered hand of France

A Frankfort queen rejected."

"Upon his return to France and his elevation to the throne of the Bourbons, Louis Philippe was not unmindful of the kindness that had been bestowed upon him while he tarried in the Kentucky hills. The material evidence of his gratitude are many about Bardstown, and happily these are extant today. It may indeed be said that a potent art influence was exerted in the academic circles of St. Joseph's College at Bardstown and of the neighboring Nazareth Academy, which is incorporated in the same religious community by the donation of priceless treasures of painting, statuary and objects d'art by Louis Philippe after he became the sovereign of France. Among the pictures which yet hang in the Cathedral church at Bardstown are 'St. Peter in Chains' and 'A Winged St. Mark,' by Vandyck; 'St. John the Baptist' and 'The Flaying of St. Bartholomew,' by Reubens; 'The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin,' by Murillo, and an unknown painting, 'The Annunciation.' Such a group of masterpieces as these might grace the transept of an Old World cathedral and might be coveted of a continental city. They are large pictures and are hung high in the silent nave, where the light from upper

windows illuminates them and where at eventide they assume a wonderful mysticism of form and color."

Mrs. Fairbanks Buried.

Indianapolis, Oct. 26.—The funeral of Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of the former vice-president, who died at her home here Friday, was held this afternoon and burial was in Crown Hill Cemetery. Bishop William F. McDowell of Chicago conducted the services. In paying tribute to the character of Mrs. Fairbanks he said:

"An American girl missionary in India told me it was easier to teach the Indian children the way of Christ since they had seen and heard Mrs. Fairbanks, and a native Chinese said it was easier for him to follow the teachings of Christ since he had heard this godly woman."

Many friends of Mrs. Fairbanks from out of town who had been associated with her during her term as president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution attended the funeral.

An Easy Sharpsburg Guy.

A St. Louis, Mo., special of Thursday says: Boone Guy, of Sharpsburg, Ky., proved an easy guy for a St. Louis sharper Guy met near the Union station. The Kentuckian now says he is reconciled to his name, but has disgraced the name of his town. Guy was accosted by a guy who said he was also from Sharpsburg, but he didn't say it; until he learned where Guy was from. In a few moments a second guy appeared and dunned the first stranger for a debt of \$40. The first stranger borrowed the money "for a few minutes," from the Kentucky Guy. The two strangers then beat it. The Kentucky Guy did not realize for several hours that he had been an easy guy. When he did realize it he told the police. He is going back to Sharpsburg to get sharper.

OSTRACISED NURSE DECIDES TO LIVE

Chicagoan Who Left Suicide Notes and Disappeared Has Returned.

Chicago, Ill., October 28.—Miss Marie Collier, who disappeared Friday, leaving a note saying that she had been ostracised by society because she formerly was a nurse in a leper colony, returned today.

She asserted that the unfounded reports that she was suffering from leprosy, causing her friends to forsake her, had so discouraged her that she had determined to shoot herself. She said that Miss A. Benjamin of Milwaukee, an acquaintance, had persuaded her not to end her life.

"I became so dispirited Friday that I decided there was no use living any longer," said Miss Collier. "I destroyed marks of identification on my clothing, and as I was tearing up old letters I came across one from Miss Benjamin. In it she told me that if I ever intended to take my life to pay her a visit first. I killed her a long time ago that I would some time kill myself."

"Miss Benjamin brightened me up, and now I intend to go back to the lepers. I am an outcast of society. A number of doctors have made examination and reported that I am free of leprosy, but my friends refuse to believe it. If I go to any reception the crowd near me dwindles until I find myself standing alone."

"I have taken an inventory of my life and I can see no ray of hope. I sent letters today to a number of leper colonies in the United States, asking for a position as a nurse. In case I can not get such employment in this country I will go to an island near Canton, China, where nurses are needed to take care of lepers."

Miss Collier spent several months at a leper colony near Tracadie, New Brunswick. She was forced to leave because the climate was breaking her health.

Notice.

The stockholders of Hartford Tobacco Warehouse are requested to meet at the court house in Hartford, Saturday, November 1st, at 10 a. m. for the purpose of electing a new board of officers and transacting any other business which may come before the board.

ROUSSEAU WELLER.

By J. A. JOHNSON.

NEW CHANGES ARE ACCEPTED

Agree to Terms Decided on Express Rates.

Rules Will Prevent all Double Col- lections and Many Other Evils.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The determination of the express carriers to obey the order of the commission, formally announced today brings to an end the greatest piece of constructive work ever performed by an administrative government body.

Following two years' investigation in which the interstate commerce commission was constantly engaged, as well as a number of days of argument, participated in by the shippers last July issued a report, prepared by Commissioner John H. Marble, which analyzed and discussed the showing made by the express companies, and which concluded by ordering the entire system of rates, prepared in accordance with the suggestions made in the previous report, installed by the express companies.

A complete classification showing the tremendous amount of study of the matter made by Mr. Marble, was included in this report as well as a set of rules to govern express transportation throughout the United States. A directory of express stations in the United States was provided and rates prescribed for all classes of property between all stations.

In their estimates of losses under the Marble scale of rates, the express carriers said the total reduction in revenue from transportation under such rates would be not less than \$25,000,000 a year.

This estimate was received by the commission in its final report, an analysis of the showing made by the express companies leading to the conclusion were based upon the business of days which were abnormal in character and, therefore, not indicative of the results which would follow from the extended application of the rates.

The volume of express business in this country is approximately 300,000,000 parcels a year transported. An increased rate of only 1 per cent a parcel would yield a return in gross revenues therefore of \$3,000,000.

The Marble order will result in substantial reductions in most of the rates now maintained by the express companies. In some instances an increase in the rate a hundred pounds is indicated as reasonable. Even in such cases, however, the Marble method of determining rates on parcels weighing less than 100 pounds so differs from the methods followed by the express companies in the past that even under the increased rates per one hundred pounds it will result in a reduction of the package rates.

In some isolated cases Mr. Marble has indicated the reasonableness of an increase in package rates. This results from the fact that the Marble rates are harmonious throughout, and will place shippers everywhere upon a relative equality.

While no estimate of total reductions in the charges for transportation can be made the saving to shippers will be substantial.

Even this, however, is of less importance than the drastic revision of the express companies' rules. It is believed that evil of double collections will be eliminated. It is also arranged that express matter shall move by the shortest available route. This will lead to a marked improvement in the service. In the past, the tariffs of the express companies have been unintelligible to any but the initiated and rates have been determined therefrom only with the greatest difficulty.

The method of publication of rates provided by Mr. Marble will reduce the volume of these tariffs by not less than 95 per cent. The tariffs prepared according to the Marble plan will be intelligible. The result will be that it will be more clearly able to assess charges in every case upon a legal basis and that it will be possible for shippers by consulting tariffs to determine rates for themselves.

THE HUMAN BRAIN

Its Crumpled Up Shape Is One of Nature's Clever Devices.

CELLS OF THE GRAY MATTER.

Their Mass and Not the Size Nor Weight of the Brain Marks the Individuality of the Individual—Development of the Brain of an Infant.

The apparent crumpling up of the brain is one of the most remarkable of nature's devices for securing the greatest possible amount of surface in the given space. If you take a page of newspaper and fold it by the edges, blowing it up to form a balloon, you have the surface of the paper occupying the largest possible amount of space. If you crumple up the paper you can get the same amount of surface by following all the creases in one-fourth to one-tenth of the space. This is precisely what nature has done to the rabbit, for instance, the cobra, or great brain with which most of the thinking is done, is without a crease, perfectly round and smooth and the rabbit is about the stupidest of animals.

If you study the brains of animals still higher in intelligence than the rabbit you will find that creases complete the brain until in man the entire brain is a series of creases and convolutions that puzzle you by their intricacy. It is plain that the actual surface of this creased brain of man is many times greater than if it were all smooth, like the rabbit, and this is the way in which evolution has provided for giving the brain of man a surface from four to ten times what it would have been if smooth, so as to give space for as much gray matter as possible.

No scientist has yet explained the reason, but the fact is admitted that thought and gray matter are in proportion. The cells of the gray matter seem to store up thought and give it out when called upon to do so. This has been proved by electrically stimulating the gray matter when exposed by an accident or operation and noting the result in the thoughts expressed by the patient. This gray matter is spread in a coat of varying thickness all over the surface of the brain, while the white matter and nerves lie under it and ramify into it.

A man may be said to be intellectual in proportion to the amount of gray matter which he has in his brain. This varies in individuals, one having more gray matter at one spot, another a thicker layer at another, much of this being doubtless due to cultivation. Through the laws of the multiplication of gray matter are still secrets which science has not pierced.

No one intellectuality can be measured by the weight of the brain. The average male brain weighs forty-eight ounces, and the average female brain forty-three and a half, but this does not mean that woman is necessarily inferior intellectually. Her brain may have more gray matter in proportion or thicker layers at the parts used in demand by her life. Brains weighing more than sixty ounces have been found in idiots, and some of the most brilliant men and women have had very small brains when put upon the scale. But in all cases of great intellectuality the depth of the convolutions at certain places in the brain is enormous, and the five lobes into which each hemisphere of the brain is divided are very distinctly marked, affording space for much of the gray matter.

The infant has gray matter all over the surface of its brain, and thanks to the generations of development that have preceded it the divisions into telencephalon and the deep creases are already there. But they are still in a very soft form and development follows in accordance with the intellectual development of the child. Its natural endowment at birth is only an endowment of possibility, and the question of whether that infant will be an intellectual giant or a pigmy in brain power is dependent almost altogether upon the training which it receives and the development of the gray matter in its brain.

The genius cannot be explained and possibly never will be, but a partial explanation of his tremendous power in one direction is offered by the examination of his brain after death. Only lately a very eminent surgeon of Philadelphia died and when his brain was examined it was found that for a large part it was like a child's, but in those parts especially required by his profession it was developed far more than is usual, and the layers of gray matter at these spots were inordinately thick. It is never right to draw any broad conclusion from a single instance, but science has generalized from many instances of this kind until it is ready now to say that thought power is proportional to the gray matter in the centers most used or needed.—New York World.

John Bull the Musician.

Now but those who have studied musical history know that the name John Bull was borne by one of the most famous musicians of the sixteenth century. He was as famous a harpsichord player in his day as Liszt was a pianist, but as a composer he lacked the creative power of Liszt, the result being that Bull is practically unknown to the general public today, even in England.

He doubles his troubles who borrows tomorrow's.—Spanish Proverb.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

How a "Heart Throb Specialist" Got Her First Job.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a confession of a "heart throb specialist"—a newspaper woman who after many failures made a success in New York. Following is her own story of her first success:

"I had dropped into a criminal courtroom principally to escape the heat of the street. A young girl was being tried for attempted suicide. Perhaps because my own failure looked so dark I could read real drama between the faltering lines of her testimony.

"Here was an old story to the reporters. I knew they would turn in brief items, bare facts. I talked about the girl with the probation officer assigned to the case, with the girl, with her employers, and I secured photographs, including one of the corner where she tried to end it all, a cubbyhole, much like my own. Then I wrote as if her story were mine.

"With the power born of desperation I forced my way into the presence of a Sunday editor who had spoken a few kind words to me. I begged him to read my story while the girl's case was still in the public eye.

"For a wonder he did read it while I sat beside him. When he finished he touched several buttons, and men fairly tumbled into the room.

"After giving them orders he seemed to recall my existence. He turned and stared at me over his glasses.

"Let's see. You've been in here before, haven't you?"

"Yes, I brought you a letter from Mr. Blank of the — News."

"Humph! A story like that is worth thirty letters of introduction. Confounded nuisance letters are. Don't believe in 'em. Sold much stuff?"

"Nothing unless you have bought that story."

"His eyes twinkled.

"Oh, I've bought it all right. I forgot to mention we pay \$50 for a story like that with the pictures. I suppose that is all right?"

"All right?

"I closed my eyes. I saw a clean ball room with a real window ledge over which I could look out upon a quiet city garden. I saw a telegraph operator clicking off a message to an anxious mother. And I tasted beefsteak-thick, juicy, rare!

"When I opened my eyes once more the Sunday editor was at the door. He dung his order over his shoulder:

"Wait till I come back."

"In a few minutes he was seated beside me again, and I could hardly believe my ears. He was offering me a position on the staff!"

Expatiatis by Mal de Mer.

There is tragedy in the attempts made to solve the problem of seasickness by the late Mr. William Louis Wians, the millionaire, who was an involuntary exile in England for the last twenty-seven years of his life. He was at heart an American citizen, but his doctors warned him that a voyage across the Atlantic, with the probability of seasickness, would be fatal to him. So he devoted the rest of his life to designing a vessel in which he could safely travel to America. But the fates were against him, and his invention never got further than the shelves of the patent office.—London Opinion.

A Tiny Death Dealer.

A most agonizing death is caused by an insect half the size of a pea—a small black spider. It lives in Peru, in South America. This spider's venom scorches up the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear. The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. The spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.

A Proper End.

Elizabeth was taken to hear grand opera for the first time. Her musical education before this occasion had been confined chiefly to park concerts, whereof she knew the proper observances.

The performance was a matinee of "Koenigskinder." It was ended, and mamma rose to go.

"Is that the end?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, dear," answered mamma.

"Sit down, mummie, please," said Elizabeth. "It can't be. They haven't played 'America' yet."—New York Post.

Great Yarmouth's Rows.

The rows of Great Yarmouth are worth seeing. There are 166 rows altogether—narrow thoroughfares which connect the main streets, with houses on each side. They are from three to six feet wide. Special carts have to be built to traverse these rows.—London Mail.

Penetrating a Disguise.

"What are you doing in this stack of costume plates and reference books?" asked the old time friend.

"Merely satisfying an idle curiosity," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I'm trying to find out who I was at my wife's recent costume ball."—Washington Star.

Almost an Insult.

Press Agent—Miss De Star, I'm going to work up a story that your pet Pomeranian poodle swallowed all your diamonds. Miss De Star—Why, sir, do you think I want people to think I have only enough diamonds to fill a poodle?—Chicago News.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—Shakespeare.

TREASURY RELICS

Historical Treasures on File In the Auditor's Office.

ACCOUNTS OF G. WASHINGTON.

These Cover a Period of Eight Years and Are in the Handwriting of the Great Patriot—Receipts Signed by Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

The archives of the United States treasury are rich with relics. In the files of the office of the auditor of the treasury department may be seen the canceled check showing the payment to Lafayette in 1824 of \$200,000 by the United States "in consideration of his services and sacrifices in the war of the Revolution." William H. Crawford, then secretary of the treasury, signed the warrant and in the characteristic French handwriting on the reverse is the endorsement of Lafayette. A canceled check or warrant for \$15,000,000 represents the payment for the Louisiana purchase under the treaty of 1803.

The purchase under the treaty characterized at the time as "Seward's folly," Alaska is evidenced by a warrant for \$7,200,000 signed by F. E. Spinner, who at the time was secretary of the treasury. The wording of the warrant begins and runs, "Pay to the undersigned envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the emperor of all the Russias." This warrant called for payment in coin and was so paid through the Riggs bank, then a private banking institution of Washington, after being endorsed by Edward de Stoecke, the Russian minister at that time.

The purchase of the Philippine Islands from Spain is represented in the important financial transactions of the government by four warrants of \$5,000,000 each. As a treaty cannot be entered into by one country directly with one with which it is at war, the warrants were endorsed by Jules Cambon, the French minister, who had delegated authority to represent the Spanish government.

The Panama canal purchase represented the largest financial transaction of the government. The payment was made by a common draft, payable to J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., special disbursing agent, through whom it was paid to the French company, the former owner. The late J. Pierpont Morgan himself indorsed the draft. A short time previous there had been issued a warrant for \$10,000,000, covering the cost of the canal zone, an area of ten miles on each side of the canal.

As these canceled checks are held as receipts, it could happen, in case of their loss, that the government might not be able to show that the monies were actually paid.

Not less interesting as relics are "Accounts—G. Washington with the United States, commencing June 1775, and ending June, 1783, comprehending a space of eight years." Under the caption are three or four dilapidated calf bound account books in the handwriting of the great American patriot. These accounts were mostly kept while he was on the march, but they were brought up with great accuracy from day to day.

At the end of each book there is a comprehensive recapitulation. Individual money and funds of the government expended by him are specifically indicated. In a footnote he calls attention to a particular item which he appeared to have paid, but for which he had no voucher. He deducted the amount of the item from his credit until the matter could be definitely settled. All of his accounts are expressed in English money.

A contemporaneous account book kept by Caleb Gibbs shows the personal expenses of Washington and his military "family," meaning, no doubt, his immediate staff. The entries are usually headed, "Headquarters, on the march." For the most part they cover purchases of food supplies, but now and then are such entries as:

"To cash for a broom that Peter bought some time ago, sixpence."

"Cash paid for mending the chariot, 1 shilling."

"Agreed with Peggy for 4 shillings per month for the general's washing and 4 shillings per dozen for the gentlemen of the family."

Among other things of interest in the auditor's office are books showing allowances to members of congress to and from Washington. In the Thirteenth congress \$963 for mileage is received in a faint, uncertain hand "D. Webster." A payment of \$560 for 111 days' attendance is shown to have been made to Henry Clay.—Harper's Weekly.

Bowling.

Bowls, or bowling, is one of the most popular and ancient of English pastimes, its origin being traceable to the twelfth century. It was held in such disfavor for years that laws were enacted against it, and it was an illegal pursuit. Alleys were built, however, as it could not be played out of doors during the winter, and the game flourished in spite of opposition. In the beginning of the eighteenth century greens began to increase, while the alleys were rigorously and absolutely suppressed. It soon became a royal game, and no gentleman's place was complete without a bowling green.

Penetrating a Disguise.

"What are you doing in this stack of costume plates and reference books?" asked the old time friend.

"Merely satisfying an idle curiosity," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I'm trying to find out who I was at my wife's recent costume ball."—Washington Star.

Almost an Insult.

Press Agent—Miss De Star, I'm going to work up a story that your pet Pomeranian poodle swallowed all your diamonds. Miss De Star—Why, sir, do you think I want people to think I have only enough diamonds to fill a poodle?—Chicago News.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness lies there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

BABOONS AT HOME.

A Study of the Animals in Their Wild State in Africa.

We can only learn the nature and disposition of an animal like the baboon from a study of its behavior in a wild state. Few persons ever have a chance for such study, and accordingly in intelligently observed account of the animal's actions becomes of interest. The author of "Animal Life in Africa," Major J. Stevenson Hamilton, furnished the following results of his personal investigations:

It is most interesting and instructive to watch, from some concealed position, the social life of a troop of baboons who fancy themselves to be unobserved. Perched about at intervals among the rocks are some of the older males, evidently on the lookout for danger. Behind them walk and squat a heterogeneous mass of females and of young animals. The females employ themselves various family tasks, and the youngsters playing and squabbling, chase one another around to a shrill accompaniment of chattering screams.

Possibly two of the latter, in the course of a rough and tumble, jostle against one of the older males. Immediately the latter's attitude of dignified quiescence vanishes, and he turns with a roar upon the impudent juveniles, who hardly retreat with shrieks of fear. Now and then a mother finds it necessary to chastise her offspring or to wreak vengeance upon one or another of the unattached babbleheads who, she guesses, meditates imposing upon or injuring it. The air resounds with squeaks, shrill cries and occasional bass grunts.

Suddenly from one of the guards comes a single deep, hoarse bark, and instantly there is silence. The females catch up their young offspring, the rest of the band, with one accord, scuttle out right and left, and in a moment there is nothing to be seen except one or two of the larger males, who walk quietly off, now and then stopping to glance back and to utter their resonant warning barks.

If you run quickly forward and climb to some vantage point you will perhaps be in time to see the whole band scampering off. The infants cling to their mothers' backs, the unattached juveniles race ahead, and the three or four fathers of families bring up the rear at a more deliberate pace.

LISTER'S BOLD EXPERIMENT.

He Used His First Draining Tube on Queen Victoria.

A strange anecdote is related in the life of Lord Lister by Dr. G. T. Wrench. It seems that Lister actually used Queen Victoria as the first subject of one of his great experiments.

Shortly after taking up the chair of surgery in Edinburgh, according to Dr. Wrench, Lister was called to Balmoral to operate on the queen for an abscess. Dr. Wrench goes on to say:

"The operation was successful. Lister put in a strip of carbolic flat to keep the wound open for drainage. But unfortunately, the matter of the abscess did not come away properly, and the queen was still feverish and in pain.

"Lister, disturbed by this unfavorable course, walked alone in the grounds of Balmoral, a lonely walk being his custom when he had a difficult problem to solve. During his cogitations it occurred to him that a piece of India rubber tubing might form an excellent path of exit to the discharge of a wound. It is illustrative of Lister's bold faith in himself that, though his patient was the highest lady in the land, he did not hesitate to make her the first subject of his experiment.

"He returned from his walk, cut a piece of tubing from the spray apparatus and soaked it all night in carbolic. In the morning he made use of it.

"The queen made a rapid and complete recovery. Lister, confirmed by his royal experiment, adopted rubber drainage tubes as a part of his practice."

Knew His Patient.

"My advice to you, sir," said the physician as he diagnosed the case of the dyspeptic, "is to change your hotel. Go over to the Derringdale and live for awhile."

"Why, doctor," said the patient, "the hotel at the Derringdale isn't any better than that at the Merrington."

"I know that," said the physician, "but the Derringdale is run on the European plan, and you have to pay for what you eat there, sir."—Judge.

Onion Corn Remedy.

Here is a very simple remedy for corns, but one which is ordinarily most effective. Boil the strong outer skin of an onion until it is quite tender and then bind it on to the toe with a linen bandage while still warm. Put fresh applications on night and morning for two or three days, when the corn should detach itself. The scar will soon disappear and the corn will not return.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cause For His Love.

"Did you ever really love any girl before you met me?" asked the beautiful one.

"No," replied the titled foreigner; "you are the first girl I have ever known who had money in her own right."—Judge.

Just So.

"I like to see city employees busy all the time."

"I prefer seeing the fire department idle."—Washington Herald.

Success too early achieved becomes a millstone on the neck of effort.

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COURIER-JOURNAL

For 1913.

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GRIPPED BY A LION

Livingstone's Fearful Ordeal and His Narrow Escape.

A BATTLE WITH A MANEATER.

The Wounded and Maddened Monster, in a Paroxysm of Dying Rage, Caught the Explorer in His Jaws and Shocked Him as a Terrier Would a Rat.

David Livingstone, the famous African explorer and missionary, once had a singular encounter with a wounded lion that almost put an end to the explorer's remarkable career before it had fairly begun. But the story must be unfamiliar to many persons who have never read Dr. Livingstone's books. The adventure occurred while he was living among the Bakatlas, not far from the present town of Mafeking. This account is from his own narrative:

The people of Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle pens by night and destroyed their milk and draft animals. They even attacked the herds boldly by daylight, and although several expeditions against the wild beasts were planned the people had not the courage to carry them through successfully.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed the others leave that part of the country. I therefore went out with the people to help them destroy one of the marauders. We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle and gradually closed up. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock. Mabalwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock. The lion bit at the spot as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, and then, leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped. The Bakatlas ought to have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid.

When the circle was reformed we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and as it was evident the men could not face their foes we turned back toward the village.

In going round the end of the hill I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took good aim at him through the bush and fired both barrels.

The men called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "Let us go to him!"

I saw the lion's tail erect in anger and said, "Stop a little till I load again!" I was in the act of ramming down the bullets when I heard a shout, and, looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing at me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor like that felt by a mouse in the grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, although I was quite conscious of what was happening. This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and, if so, it is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death.

As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. The gun missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, tried to spear the lion upon which he turned from Mabalwe, and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder.

At that moment the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him the Bakatlas on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be the largest ever seen.

Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gunshot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and ever afterward pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on a tan-tan jacket, which I believe wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh. For my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb.

Old China.
The beauty of old china is often destroyed by brown spots which appear on the surface. An effective way to remove these is to bury the dish in the earth, covering it completely. The darker spots require more time to remove than the lighter ones. This method will not harm the most delicate china.—New York Telegram.

Universal.
"There is one thought which comes daily to every man."
"What's that?"
"That nothing is too good for him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Either I will find a way or I will make one."—Sir Philip Sidney.

AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND.

The Incident That Led Up to the Naming of Poughkeepsie.

During the days when the Indians still held sway on the banks of the Hudson there was a fierce battle between the Delaware and the Pequot tribes. The former won, and among their captives was a handsome young Pequot brave. He was offered his life if he would swear allegiance to the Delawares and be branded with their tribal-mark—the turtle. He refused, and preparations were then made to kill him. As his enemies were on the point of doing this a young Indian girl broke into the circle and begged for his life. She had at one time been a Pequot, but had been captured by the Delawares and forced to join their tribe. Her appeals were so touching that the warriors were debating the matter when the party was attacked by still another enemy, the Huron Indians. In the excitement the girl cut her lover's bonds, but the two found themselves in the midst of a fierce battle and eventually became separated. The young warrior escaped, but the girl was captured by a Huron chief.

Determined to rescue her at any cost, the Pequot brave disguised himself as a medicine man and entered the camp of the Hurons. By some pretext he gained admission to the tent where the girl was kept prisoner, and late at night they managed to escape in the darkness.

Their flight was soon discovered and pursuit began, but the young couple reached the river far enough in advance of their pursuers to embark in a canoe and push off from shore. They were still followed, but the warrior was young and strong and succeeded in getting his little craft safely into a cove at the junction of the great river and a little stream entering it between two high, protecting banks, where they hid, and later found a friendly tribe.

Rejoicing that the place had been a "safe harbor" for the girl and her lover in time of peril, it was so designated in the Pequot tongue, the Indian equivalent being "Apa-keep-sinck." Today, after having filtered through the Dutch and English tongues, it is known as Poughkeepsie.—Ladies' Home Journal.

CURIOS HERMIT CRABS.

They Keep Housemaids, and Also Use Sponges for Protection.

It has been said that crabs are as artful as "a barrow load of monkeys," and no one who has read Professor Edward Step's "Messmates; A Book of Strange Companionships In Nature," will deny that there is considerable truth in the remark. Amazing indeed are some of the revelations which the professor makes regarding crabs.

He relates, for instance, how the common hermit crab actually keeps a housemaid to clean out his house. When he first starts life this particular species of crab hunts for some large shellfish's shell in which he can live at ease, rent free. He usually chooses a large whelk shell and introduces a large seaworm, belonging to what is known as the "nerels" family and which grows to a length of six or eight inches, to keep the interior of the shell clean. The crab feeds heartily on sea creatures that wander carelessly into the shell and throws the indigestible parts of them about the door. The nerels worm promptly consumes these remains and keeps the shell as clean as a new pin.

The artfulness of this crab, too, is strikingly illustrated by the ingenious manner in which he protects himself against the large fish which look upon him as an excellent article of food. Sometimes he induces a sponge to grow on his shell. Sponges in a living condition give out a strong odor, which is distinctly unpleasant to fish, and even a dogfish will not attack a crab protected in this manner.

Two Kinds of Snobs.

An interesting sense history is that of the word snob, a term of obscure origin, in its earliest use, in 1871, meaning a shoemaker or cobbler. Now there is a distinction between the English and the American use of snob—a distinction due to the influence of aristocracy as compared with democratic traditions. An English snob is a man who fails short of the perfect aristocrat through a taint of democratic vulgarity. An American snob is a man who fails short of the perfect democrat through a taint of aristocratic exclusiveness.—New York Post.

Canalboat Travel Before Railroads.

So prodigiously good was the eating and drinking on board these sluggish but most comfortable canalboats that there are legends extant of an English traveler who, coming to Belgium for a week and traveling in one of these vessels, was so delighted with the fare there that he went backward and forward from Ghent to Bruges all the rest of his life.—From "Tribune's" "English Eccentrics."

Setting Him Right.

"I suppose the titled personage you say you are going to marry is mentioned in the Almanach de Gotha?" said the inquisitive newspaper man.

"No, indeed," retorted the lovely actress. "Of course he ain't in no almanac. Do you think he's a joke?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Verdict.

Husband—You can put this down as settled—if I ever get out of it you will never catch me in matrimony again. Wife—You won't if you depend on me for reference.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The man of grit carries in his very presence a power which controls and commands.—Old Saying.

THEY PUZZLE GREAT MINDS.

Simple Words Too Profound For Human Understanding.

Q.—Can there be two kinds of infinities or two infinite spaces?

A.—The writer of this question must decide. The nearest star is distant twenty-five trillion miles. Write a row of units 11111... to the star and let each unit represent one mile; then the distance represented by a line of 1's twenty-five trillion miles long, submerges all human powers of imagination. But write a row of 222222... twenty-five trillion miles long; then the number of miles represented would be twice as great. Then write a row of 999999... equally long, and the distance expressed would be nine times as great as that represented by the 1's.

But no human can think of the distance expressed by the 1's. Let the first row of figures extend twenty-five trillion or fifty or a thousand trillion miles to the east; then a row could be extended toward the west. Many millions of years would be required to write the long rows. Suppose that you write 9's both ways during a thousand million years each. Then the distance in miles would be thinner than a spider's thread when compared to an infinite distance.

There are possibly fifty persons now living able to think one new thought. They are the mighty of the earth, and are all transcendent mathematicians. Not one of these even tries to begin to think of infinity or eternity. They all know better. Only the superficial strive to think of the two words, so my questioner must answer his own question, for I cannot even hope to secure a glimpse, lasting a thousandth part of one second, of the meaning of one of the following list of words: Mind, space, time, duration, infinity, eternity, beginning, end, space and electrons.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

FOUR SOULS EACH.

Curious Beliefs of the Savages of West Africa.

West African religion is particularly genorous to the human beings, to each of whom it allows several souls, four being the usual number. Only one is immortal, however. The others, though troublesome enough during the owner's life, cease to be at the same time as the body. They are the shadow soul, the dream soul and the bush soul.

One soul seems more than many of us can manage, but the poor African has a bad time between the four of them. He never knows when some enemy may plunge a knife into his shadow, thus causing him to sicken and die, or when his bush soul, which takes the form of an animal, may rush into danger and get hurt, and, as for his dream soul, that is particularly troublesome, as it wanders from his body during sleep and runs the risk of being caught by witch traps. When this happens its place is often taken by a nasty stranger spirit called a "sisa," which seems to have no other object but to cause misfortune and sickness to the being who forms its temporary habitation.

Most of the tribes have the idea of an underworld after death, neither heaven nor hell, but much like the existing world, only dimmer. Among the Tschwili tribes this idea is well defined. Their shadow world has a name—shramdayi—and they even know the way to the entrance, which is across the Volta river. This place has its markets, its town and its interests, but nothing is felt in a more indistinct way.

Meat For Jurymen.

At one time it was the common duty of both the plaintiff and defendant in an action to provide refreshments for the jury empaneled to try it, and from this arose the practice (which survived until 1870) of denying them "meat, drink or fire" while deliberating upon their verdict. Later on it became general for the person in whose favor the verdict was given to offer the jury a dinner and sometimes a guinea or so for their trouble. This practice led to so much abuse that it was found necessary to pass a law prohibiting it.—London Graphic.

Garrison's Wit.

David Garrison on one occasion passed Tyburn as a huge crowd was assembling to witness the execution of a criminal. "Who is he?" asked the great actor of a friend who accompanied him.

"I believe his name is Vowel," was the reply.

"Ah," said Garrison, "I wonder which of the vowels he is, for there are several. At all events it is certain that it is neither U nor I!"

Scientific Problems.

"Much energy is not utilized. There ought to be some way of conserving the rays of the sun."

"Yes, and look at all the energy that goes to waste in chewing gum. If we could only harness the gum chewers, eh?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Well Trained.

Hunston—I'd like to go shooting tomorrow if I could only get a dog that was well trained. Ethel—Oh, I'll let you take Dottie, then. She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say prayers, and do lots of things.—Puck.

Poor Sewing.

"There's a fellow who is hoping for a crop failure."

"That seems unusual. What has he sown?"

"Wild oats."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Not the oldest—not the biggest—but the STRONGEST in surplus security to policy holders.

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but a house brim full of fine Dress Goods, Silks, Wool Materials, etc. McCall patterns carried in stock. Painstaking salesladies to give you any information in regard to the making, etc. Don't forget this, and remember that

It Pays to Trade With a House That Saves You Money.

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Hartford Republican.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31.

M. H. & E. Railroad Time Table at Hartford, Ky.

L. & N. time card effective Monday Aug. 21st.

No. 112 North Bound due 7:19 a.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 114 North Bound due 1:15 p.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 115 South Bound due 8:45 a.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 113 South Bound due 1:46 p.m. daily except Sunday.

H. E. MISCHKE, Agt.

Mrs. Maggie Griffin returned home last week from Ensor.

Mr. John Bennett, of near Hartford, is very ill of typhoid fever.

Mr. John Coleman, of Louisville, was in town the first of the week.

Old newspapers for sale at The Republican office. Big bundle for a nickel.

Mrs. J. W. Ford and Miss Mary Rowe returned home Saturday from Owensboro.

WANTED—Doctor or druggist for established location. Address Doctor, this office.

Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffin entertained the Woman's Club at her home last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Belle Cooper has accepted a position in Miss Popple Nall's Millinery establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sanderfur, route 3, Hartford, were pleasant callers at this office Monday.

It will pay you to see our new line of Flour and get prices at R. L. DEVER & CO., Hartford, Ky. 14th.

Mr. Gregory Wedding, of Louisville, was the guest of his father, Judge R. R. Wedding, recently.

Mr. James Sanderfur, of Owensesville, Ind., is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sanderfur.

Mr. James Hudson left yesterday afternoon for Kronos, Ky., where he will visit relatives for a few days.

Mrs. E. T. Williams returned Tuesday from Bremen, Ky., where she visited her sister, Mrs. P. T. Whitaker.

Mrs. Owen Hunter and Miss Anna J. Patton left Tuesday for Lexington, Ky., to attend the Grand Lodge of the Eastern Star of Kentucky, as representatives of the Hartford lodge.

Mrs. Ike Sanderfur returned home Tuesday after an extended visit to relatives at Beaver Dam and McHenry.

Mr. Goodell Wooten has returned home from Knoxville, where he has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. A. V. McFee.

When in Hartford call at our new Grocery and Feed Store.

R. L. DEVER & CO.,
14th, Hartford, Ky.

Mrs. Orville Bennett, of Lawton, Okla., who has been the guest of her father, Col. T. J. Smith, will return to her home Saturday.

Seats will be on sale at the Ohio County Drug Company for the Roland A. Nichols entertainment at College Hall next Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Author Faught, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Faught, returned to their home in Vincennes, Ind., last week.

Mr. E. P. Moore, of the firm of W. H. Moore & Son, butchers, was in Owensboro, Thursday, to attend a meeting of the District Board of Stewarts.

NOTICE—I have over 50 books loaned out, and would be glad if the borrowers would be so kind as to return them at once.

J. NEY FOSTER,
Hartford, Ky.

Moving picture shows and illustrated songs at Dr. Bean's opera house every Friday and Saturday nights. New songs and new pictures, and a fine evening's entertainment for 10c.

Roland A. Nichols, the famous lecturer who educated Harold Bell Wright the author, will lecture at the College Hall Tuesday evening, under auspices of Hartford College Lyceum course.

Rough River Lodge No. 119, Knight of Pythias held an enthusiastic meeting Tuesday night. This was the first meeting held in several weeks, on account of the severe hot weather. Rough River Lodge will do some things this winter. A goat supper is being scheduled for a meeting at an early date.

The National meeting of the A. S. of E. will be held in Owensboro, Ky., December 8 and 9. Delegates from many counties in Kentucky and many states in the Union will be present, and Owensboro and Kentucky are fortunate in this place being selected as the scene of the National convention.

Gov. McCleary appointed Chas. W. Mullein of McHenry, Notary Public for Ohio county last week and Mr. Mullein came to Hartford Wednesday and executed bond in the sum of \$1000. Mr. Mullein has had nine years' experience in a clerk's office, and for that reason is well qualified for the place.

Rev. Roland A. Nichols, who lectures at College Hall next Tuesday night, was here last year and gave the greatest satisfaction of any number in the Hartford College course, and he is expected to have a capacity house next Tuesday night, even though that night will call away many people who want to receive the election returns.

The Literary Club, which was organized by several Hartford ladies some months ago, is doing splendid work, and their members are very enthusiastic about their club. They have added a very large circulating library to their club from the State Library Commission, and this is adding much interest and doing good and causing a large interest.

The Republican office will be open next Tuesday night to give and receive the returns from the election in Ohio county. Those having returns will please call this office, and every possible convenience will be arranged to handle the immense crowd on that night, and returns will be announced as soon as received. Call The Republican to give returns from your precinct.

Elder W. B. Wright, of the First Christian Church, delivered two excellent sermons at his church here Sunday morning and evening, in one of Dr. Wright's sermons he preached upon the consolidation of all of the churches, and showed what might be easily accomplished if all of the churches would get together for the work of the Master, and let the doctrine business alone. Many favorable comments are heard concerning Dr. Wright's sermons.

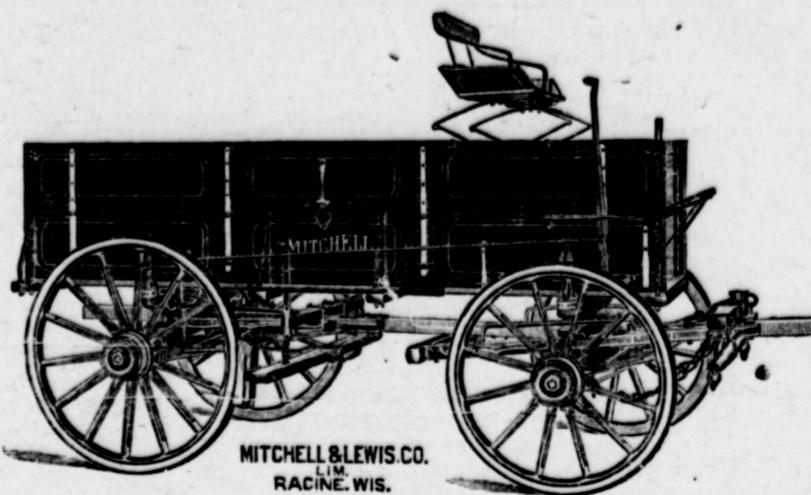
Circuit court adjourned yesterday morning, after having been in session ten days. No large cases were tried, and the business transacted for this term of court was less than in several years. The grand jury adjourned on Wednesday after having returned thirty-six indictments. The Commonwealth vs. Estill Winchell for killing his father, trial and verdict of acquittal. Com'th. vs. Dan Jines, for housebreaking, tried, and verdict of guilty, sentenced from one to five years.

It was stated in the Hartford Herald this week that Elder W. B. Wright, of the First Christian Church, of Hartford, was going to leave Hartford, and that he preached his farewell sermon last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Mischke left Tuesday for Owensboro, where Mrs. Mischke has been under treatment and operation of physicians for several days.

YOU'LL LOSE MONEY, if you buy a home in Hartford before you see me. Will be glad to show you the house any time. Will remain in Hartford. J. B. TAPPAN, Jeweler and Optician.

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FRAUDS ON INDIANS

TOLD AT CONCLAVE

Choctaw Attorney Exposes Plot To Cheat Tribes of Millions.

become a law, but there is no duty on smiles, and happiness is as cheap as it ever was. You may hate your poor lot in life and envy the man with the mansion and the limousine, but everywhere there are poorer souls who envy you your lot, and crippled creatures who envy you your straight limbs. Cheer up.

All fat girls are thankful that they are not thin and all thin girls are thankful that they are not fat.

When people know a man has some money it costs him more than he's got to live up to the reputation. If a man was as good as he wants his wife to be, Old Satan would have to close up Hades House for lack of boarders.

It is hard to make a loser believe that the cards were not stacked.

The reason a man gets excited when he sees a pair of corn-fed calves through a skirt is because he knows he ought not to see them.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just Ordinary Horse Sense



Tells a man that he must be careful in feeding his stock if he wants to get the best results. But it is not always so easy to get the right kind of feed. I am

A FEED SPECIALIST
and not only know just what your stock ought to have, but hunt until I find it.

At your service, sir.

W. E. ELLIS
The Produce Merchant:
HARTFORD, - KENTUCKY

For Sale!

One Saw Mill, one Planer, Band Saw, Jointer. Also Brick and Tile Machine. All kinds of Building Material, Paints, Oils, Etc. Will sell on reasonable terms. Call on or address

BEAN BROS.
Hartford, Ky.

WORK WITH DEATH

Perilous Callings Where Life Is Always In Danger.

HOW MEN LOSE THEIR NERVE

Budden Peril Often Causes Them to "Drop Their Goats," and Then Their Courage Never Returns—A Loss of Heart and a Race For Life.

Human nature becomes callous to the daily association with peril. But now and then something tears away the callous spot and leaves the raw, naked nerve exposed.

Structural steelworkers run many chances of losing their nerve—"dropping their goats," they call it. Only the other day one of them who had never known fear was standing on the outer edge of a lofty steel framework and chanced to look down into the street. He saw a trolley car run over a newsboy. Instantly his mind was swamped with thoughts of death. He stretched himself flat on the beam and crawled to an island of planking. When a man once does that on top of a skyscraper he has finished his high work.

"They never come back," said an old foreman. "It's a pity, too, for they can never get a quarter the pay at another job that they did at this before they looked down and saw death."

Much of the world's work is done by men who have to keep their nerve in the face of peril. Sometimes a man will not go to pieces until after a long run of danger. Primarily the cause may be fatigue or bad liver or bad nerves, but when it is all over he decides he has had enough and seeks another vocation.

In the places where high explosives are manufactured the men are subjected to a constant nervous strain. They get used to it, like everything else, but when an accident comes there is sure to be some one among the survivors who drops out of the ranks of the workers.

In a plant where more dynamite, nitroglycerin, gunpowder and other pentup destruction are made than anywhere else in the world nearly a thousand lives depend more or less on a thermometer.

In one step in the manufacture of nitroglycerin it is a quivering, sultry fluid in a big caldron brilliantly lighted by electricity. Glycerin is continually sprayed on the tons of heated acids within. As it mixes the glycerin seizes the available nitrogen from the acids, and the mass becomes nitro-glycerin. Round the caldron a man moves swiftly, noiselessly, dividing his attention between the contents and a thermometer that extends down into the hot acids. The temperature of the mass must not rise above 80 degrees.

Glycerin has many vagaries that have been never been explained. If, through one of them, the temperature rises toward the danger point the first thing the man on watch does is to send more cool solution through the pipes that coil snakewise round the giant caldron. If the mercury in the tube continues to rise he shuts off the inflow of glycerin. If this does not have the desired effect he turns on compressed air, so as to throw the mass into violent agitation. If this fails he has only one more card to play. He opens a valve and empties the charge into the "drowning tank." Then he makes a dash for safety.

Only a few men who have ever been immediately exposed to explosions have lived to tell about them afterward. Those who have escaped and have continued in their hazardous employment are thereafter known only by their first names. There are only a few of these. The other survivors have sought other work where the risks are less. Said one of them:

"You can't trust the stuff any more than you could a sleeping cobra. I was at work one day around the mixing tank and things were going as usual when I suddenly noticed that the mercury in the thermometer was creeping up toward 80. Quick as a flash I saw that something had gone wrong, and, one after another, I turned on the cold, shut off the glycerin and turned on the air. No one ever watched anything more anxiously than I did that thermometer. But the mercury kept on climbing. Then I made a grab for the quick opening valve so as to drown the stuff. One of the officers of the company was in the room. I had yelled at him to run. But he stood there as cool as a cucumber, saying that he didn't think there was much danger. As soon as I opened the valve to let the stuff off I made a jump through the window. There were plenty of emergency doors, but I didn't want to take an extra step. The boss went out by a door. The fraction of a second that I saved by taking the window probably added a good many years to my life. I landed on the ground and was running with all my might when I was lifted off my feet and hurtled at least 100 yards. I escaped with a broken leg. The boss, who had run in the opposite direction, was picked up dead. There was hardly a mark on him."

The explosion started in the drowning tank. The stuff settled at the bottom, where agitation was impossible. What sort of a noise did it make? Like the roar of a dozen tornadoes and a score of crashes of thunder all combined. I've lived on a farm ever since, and when the Fourth of July comes around I jump every time a cannon crack goes off, no matter how far away it is."—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

TWISTING THE LANGUAGE.

English Has Received Some Severe Jolts In the Philippines.

Baby talk is a highly developed language compared to the jargon American housewives talk to their Filipino house boys. But it usually conveys the meaning when accompanied by expressive gestures. At best, however, the performance of the command speaks well for native instruction.

Spanish construction of English words is another twist that our poor language gets in the Philippines. "No got" in the island is the most commonly used expression for "I haven't any." Similarly "no can do" means "I can't" and "no want" means "I don't want it." Not only between American and Filipino, but among Americans themselves, this twisted construction has largely supplanted the legitimate one.

With the soldier anything that belonged peculiarly to the Philippines was described as "bamboo." Now all colonials use the term. The "bamboo fleet" is the one assigned to Philippine waters, and the "bamboo government" is the Philippine civil government in distinction from the United States military.

Among other "soldierisms" if I may be permitted this contribution to the new language were certain pure Malay words. The list is continually growing, and now there are dozens of Tagalog and Moro expressions in constant use among the Americans. For example, there are the Tagalog words "baguio," meaning "storm;" "carabao," meaning an animal; "palay," meaning "rice," and "tao," meaning "man." Moro terms in common use are "amok," meaning "wild;" "dato," meaning "chief;" "kris," meaning a wavy edged knife, and "sarong," meaning a garment.—Review of Reviews.

BOATS GROW ON TREES.

West India Boys Can Get All of Them They Want.

When a West Indian boy wants a toy boat all he has to do is to visit a cocoanut tree. These trees bear great bunches of nuts among their drooping green leaves, and when the bunch first sprouts out in the form of a big bud, it is enclosed within a hard, tough, woody case or spathe two or three feet long, eight or ten inches in diameter and tapering to a point at one end and to a slender stern at the other. In fact, it looks very much like a huge wooden cigar.

As the buds and flowers develop the spathe splits open, and the lower bunch continues to grow out beyond it until the nuts begin to ripen. By this time the spathes have become dry and hard and break off and drop to the ground of their own accord.

It is the spathes or bud coverings that the West Indian boys use for toy boats, and, while the dry and fallen ones will answer, better boats are made from the more flexible and partly green spathes still clinging to the flower stem.

The spathe as gathered from the tree is almost in the shape of a boat, and all that is necessary to transform it to a very seaworthy and fast sailing toy canoe is to sew the open end together and fit rudder, sail and seats or thwart.

When this is done the boat is almost an exact model of the big dugout canoes that the boys' fathers use in fishing. In fact, these dugouts were probably copied from one of the tree grown boats.—From "Harper's Book For Young Naturalists."

A Perpetual Error.

A printer's error in perpetuity! How many know that when joining in the "Te Deum" they are carrying on, in one phrase of that song of praise, an ancient blunder? "Make them to be numbered with thy saints;" so it runs. And so when manuscript copies gave place to printed books was it rendered in the medieval Latin then in use, "numerari;"—"to be numbered," as we say in English. Transpose the first and third letters and you get "munerari;"—"to be rewarded," which is what all prayer books would be printing today and congregations singing were it not for that fifteenth century printer's error.—London Tatler.

Wrong Hunch, No Lunch.

"Here, my boy," said his new employer, "take this quarter and go out and get three ham sandwiches."

The boy vanished and did not return for half an hour.

"See here. Where have you been loitering," demanded the boss, "and where are my sandwiches?"

"Scissors!" gasped the boy. "I thought they were for me!" — New York World.

Upbringing.

"Aren't you having your daughter taught to play or sing?"

"No," replied Mrs. Flinglit. "I have decided that she shall have no accomplishments whatever. Instead of striving for approval I want her to have the superior pose that enables her to observe the efforts of others with tolerant interest."—Washington Star.

Quite Natural.

"Of course," said the tourist, "you know all about the antidotes for snake bite?"

"Certainly," replied the explorer. "Well, when a snake bites you what's the thing you do?"

"Yell."—Philadelphia Press.

The New Mother.

"When you kissed your weeping mother goodby and went out into the world to make your fortune I presume her last tearful injunction was for you to be good?"

"No, make good."

WOMEN WARRIORs.

One That Was Made a Heroine In Spite of Herself.

There are few countries that have not at one time or another had women soldiers in their ranks—either in disguise or openly accepted despite their sex. England, France and Germany have all had military heroines. Germany, which traditionally demands of its women only softness and domesticity, has nevertheless had its full share.

One of them, Eleonore Prochaska, had saved her wages as a cook to buy her man's equipment. In her last battle, when storming some heights under heavy fire, she snatched a drum from a fallen Frenchman and beat the charge as she advanced.

"You can sew, cook, wash, sing and shoot better than any of us," said the comrade at her side admiringly, "and now it seems you can drum too!"

A moment later she was mortally wounded. As she fell she called to the nearest officer, with a dying flash of pride and humor:

"Lieutenant, I'm a girl!"

Another girl, Anna Luhring, only eighteen, was traced and claimed by her father after she had enlisted, but her captain refused to dismiss so fine a soldier.

A young dressmaker, Sophia Kruger, who made her own uniform before enlisting, won the Iron Cross for bravery.

Maria Werder, a farmer's wife, served, undiscovered, with her husband and was promoted to be a sergeant although he remained a private.

An amusing contrast to these genuinely gallant women is afforded by Johanna Stegen, who quite by accident won a reputation for heroism. She and a companion, Caroline Berger, were caught by chance in the fighting lines at the battle of Lutzenberg. Caroline fled to what cover she could find, tore off her apron and began binding the hurts of the wounded who had crawled there also.

Johanna, spying a heap of cartridges, tore off her apron also and began to fill it for she mistook them for roulette of coin. A passing officer supposed naturally she was carrying ammunition to the front and gave her orders where to take it, orders which she dared not disobey. Apronful after apronful of cartridges she carried—and the next day found herself acclaimed a heroine!

Her apron was tied to a staff and borne proudly at the head of the regiment. Men cheered her, the king praised her, and she sat at his right hand at a banquet. Later she married and was lionized by the fashionable ladies of Berlin.—London Tatler.

No Title Page in Early Books.

The idea of a title page did not occur to the early printers. "The books started straight off with 'Incipit or Here beginneth,' without author's or publisher's name. This causes much difficulty in attributing earlier works to the proper sources." The idea of a title page with names seems first to have occurred to a Cologne printer named Theroerens about 1470, but it was not generally adopted until fifty years later. The early punctuation was very simple, consisting of an oblique line and a full stop. One of the first books to introduce the colon and notes of interrogation and exclamation was a "Lactantius" printed at a monastery near Rome in 1465.—Imprint.

London's Gunpowder Alley.

The city coroner, who commented upon the "funny" name of Gunpowder alley (off Shoe lane) and confessed that he had never heard of it, may nevertheless have heard of the poet Lovelace, who died in the alley two years before the restoration. The lodging in which he died was a miserable one, but probably seemed to the poor poet released from prison a glorious palace, for he was philosopher enough already to have written that "stone walls do not a prison make." In this alley also lived the notorious astrologer, Lilly, the Sidrophel of "Hudibras."—London Chronicle.

A Cure For Hiccups.

Fill a glass tumbler with clear, cold water and place on a table. Then let the patient stand where he or she can look directly into the glass and fix the attention about the center of the bottom of the glass for about a minute, when the patient will find that the hiccups have entirely disappeared. This has been known to cure the most violent cases of this uncomfortable disorder.—London Family Herald.

To Make Vinegar.

Save the parings and cores of apples and put them in a jar with warm water enough to more than cover them. Set in a warm place for several days; then strain and add one pint of molasses to a gallon of the water. Put in a jar, tie a thin cloth over it, keep in a warm place and in a few weeks this will be good vinegar.—National Magazine.

Different Proposition.

"What is the object of your society?" "To prevent gambling among women."

"Nonsense. It can't be done."

"Certainly gambling can be stopped."

"Gambling? I thought you said gambling."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Grounds.

"Has your husband given you grounds for divorce?" asked the woman who is always eager to sympathize.

"Yes," replied the one whose mind is on alimony. "Plenty of grounds, but I'd rather have some regular real estate."—Washington Star.

One of the most rare kinds of courage is the courage to wait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STUDY YOUR HEALTH.

A Mushroom Can Live in a Cellar, but Don't Be a Mushroom.

In the American Magazine William Johnston says that it is probably your own fault if you are all the time catching colds or having indigestion or headaches. He goes on to say:

"Nature intends every human being to be strong and well. Most disease is either ignorance or carelessness. Babies—even the babies of sickly, ignorant, incompetent parents—are given a pretty good start by nature. If children get sickly it nearly always is the fault of the persons taking care of them. If when they grow up they remain unhealthy it is largely their own fault.

"But," you protest, "I can't help it if I inherit a weak stomach." Oh, yes, you can.

"Did you ever systematically study your stomach? If you were going to be a lawyer you would study law. If you were going to be a stenographer you would study shorthand. If you are going to be healthy study health."

"Most people know more about the care of their clothes than they do about the care of their health. Study your diet. Find out what the effects of the various foods are. Ask yourself if you are getting enough exercise. Keep tabs until you find what it is that disagrees with you. Leave strictly alone the food—and the drinks—that your stomach scorns you about."

"Make up your mind to be healthy. Go to the three best doctors, the three that nature has provided for everybody—fresh air, fresh water and sunlight. Get as much of all three whenever you can."

"A mushroom can live in a cellar, but don't be a mushroom."

"If you eat right, drink lots of water, sleep in fresh air and get out in the sunshine you'll soon forget to be sick."

"And perfect health is a long stride toward perfect happiness."

RESTING A RAZOR.

Why Letting It Lie Idle For Awhile Improves the Blade.

It is well known that our metals are conductors of electricity. Steel is an excellent conductor, and when this metal is fashioned into tools with sharp edges the electric current that is continually passing through the metal will leave the body at the sharp point or edge.

Barbers tell us the razor gets tired and is improved after a rest. This is true in a scientific sense. It is not exactly a rest that the razor needs, although the term will express it prettily well.

It seems that any razor, after constant use and continued sharpening, put the molecules into a sluggish condition, and it is impossible to get the same edge as when the steel has not been used for some time.

When the razor lies idle and the electric current is passing off at the edge the particles are being toned and tempered, and the edge actually becomes more smooth and really sharper and more fit to remove the beard.

It is claimed that a razor wrapped in rubber cloth and placed in a drawer away from any lamp will not be benefited by the rest as will a razor that is simply laid away rather carelessly without any insulation. It is the same if the razor is inclosed in a glass case, for the insulation prevents the electric current from passing through the metal.

It is recommended that the razor be washed in warm water and dried in the sun.

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Constant use and continued sharpening put the molecules into a sluggish condition, and it is impossible

UNITY DREAM CHURCH OF CHRIST

Rev. Huckel Defines Congregationalist Position.

Greed, Lust, Worldliness and Atheism of Force are to be Conquered.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 26.—The dream of the Congregational Church is the unity of the Church of Jesus Christ. Rev. Oliver Huckel of Baltimore thus defined the church's position in an address this afternoon in connection with the national council of the church. Prominent leaders occupied pulpits today and spoke on various subjects. Rev. Charles E. Jefferson of New York City declared America has four dragons to meet and conquer, the first of which is greed.

"Mothers of the nation should devote less time to social diversion and more to the training of their sons and daughters," declared Moderator Charles R. Brown, dean of the Yale Divinity School.

Rev. Carl S. Patton of Columbus, Ohio, deplored the tendency of ministers to discuss from the pulpit and in the press the alleged decadence of the church.

Rev. Ernest B. Allen of Toledo asked a campaign for bringing young boys, who are kept from attending public school through poverty or misfortune, into the Sunday schools.

Secretary Henry A. Atkinson of Chicago addressed a joint meeting of church leaders and the industrial council at Labor Temple, defining the church's attitude toward labor.

"The wisest method of church unity," said Dr. Huckel, "is consolidation—an organic unity on terms of equality with the preservation of the valuable points in each community, allowing all desired diversity in worship and work. Such a consolidation—an organic unity on terms of equality with the preservation of the valuable points in each community, allowing all desired diversity in worship and work. Such a consolidation would lead to a great national church—the United Church of the United States—a part of the United Church throughout the world."

Dr. Jefferson dwelt on the need of a restatement of the doctrine of Christ to meet twentieth century problems.

"America has four dragons to meet and conquer," he said. "The first is greed; it eats like a cancer in the vitals of our nation."

"The second is lust, it burns like a consuming fire in our blood and our homes."

"The third is worldliness, which is always contracting our horizon and bringing down our standards."

"The fourth is atheism of force, the doctrine that declares national greatness is founded on naval tonnage."

Dr. Brown deplored woman's lack of interest in her children's spiritual welfare.

"There are many Christian homes," he said, "where never from month's end to month's end do mothers devote one full hour to the high task of teaching children the Christian truth or lifting up their spiritual needs in prayer. This is hurting the church."

The need of the right kind of men to be trained for the high task of spiritual leadership also was emphasized by Dr. Brown.

"We have not nearly enough men, with sound health, of positive and vigorous build," he declared; "men with warm sympathies; men with sufficient mental capacity to take training; men with common sense; men of genuine Christian character. Give us a more adequate supply of such men and we will send you leaders worthy to sit on twelve thrones of power."

Dr. Patton criticized ministers who had made utterances in the press and pulpit contrasting the present day church conditions with those of 50 years ago.

"Try as I will I cannot get up any anxiety about the church," said he. "If business men gave interviews to the newspapers about the existence of a bad outlook for business, and urged men to hold on to their money, it would create a panic. So it is with the church. When the minister cannot see the churches in an optimistic light, how can he expect to have followers?"

Autum.

Now we hear the Autumn calling and her face is wreathed in smiles; and the wilting leaves are falling in the quiet forest aisles. Put away your trusty swatter 'mong the trodden leaves in your den, let the carnival of laughter cease till the summer comes again! For the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, and the drowsy rural pumpkin leaves his couch at three o'clock.

that he may afield go shooting, ere the sun has come across; and the old gray mare is bucking, for her hair is full of frost. Put away the wire screen swatter, let surviving flies remain; for a fellow hadn't oughter have destruction on the brain. Now the pastures are too seedy to support the cows, alas, and the cattle and the mule with tuttle rubbin's would alleviate the itch. Oh, on a' land and waters coldly gleams the autumn sun. Let us put away our swatters, for the summer's work is done. Let us put away our swatters, till the flies return next spring, when we'll soak their sons and daughters as we carouse and sing!

West Mason.

SMALLHORN

Oct. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. John Addington are the proud parents of a baby girl, who arrived Oct. 23.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kirtley also have a six-pound girl born Oct. 20.

Mrs. Oscar W. Overhults, of Cedaredge, Colo., who spent the past two months with relatives and friends here, left Oct. 27 for her home.

Mr. Herschel King, and Miss Rosa Bullock, spent Saturday night as the guests of Miss Maude Calloway, Centertown and attended the protracted meeting at Central Grove near there Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. S. E. Hunter and Letcher Bennett, attended church at Central Grove Sunday and dined with Mr. Willie Ighehart and wife.

Mr. Carl Renfrow and wife near Heflin, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Ben Ross and family.

Mr. Jake Bennett of Indiana, spent a few days, recently the guest of Mr. J. H. Barnard and mother.

Mr. Jake Smith spent the latter part of last week with his parents, in Breckenridge Co.

Mr. John T. Withrow, has been on the sick list the past few days.

Little William Mitchel Overhults, who has been on the sick list, is much improved.

Mr. Jess Cundiff, who has been working in Kimbley Coal Mines near here, was killed by a train on his way to his home at Nelson, Saturday night. Several from this place attended the burial Monday.

Instructions to Bidders.

1. Sealed bids will be received at the office of the County Clerk, of Ohio County, Kentucky, until 12 o'clock noon, November 1, 1913, for the construction of abutments and bridge across Rough river at Combs' ferry. Plans and specifications for which may be seen at the above office.

2. All bids must be on the regular form furnished by the County, sealed and plainly marked.

3. The County reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

4. Tenders will be received on the following items:

The construction of a steel bridge consisting of one 130 foot span and two 30 foot approaches across Rough river at Combs' Ferry, with necessary concrete abutments or tubular piers as the committee may determine.

THOS. H. BENTON,
LESLIE CONIBS,
J. C. JACKSON,
Committee.
14t3.

ADABURG.

October 30.—Singing closed at this place Sunday. It was under the management of Mr. Gardner Brown of Magan.

Several from here attended church at Big Springs the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Helm spent Sunday night with Mr. Obie Helm and family.

The literary society is progressing nicely at this place.

Mrs. Kit Carson and Mrs. Tom Hoover spent Monday and Tuesday nights with Mrs. Belinda Patton.

Miss Josie Helm of this place is attending Whitesville school.

Mr. R. A. Davis, who is a candidate for county court clerk, spoke at Taylor Field school house last night.

School is progressing nicely at this place under the management of Mr. George Wedding.

Pay Your Taxes.

Taxes for the year 1913 are now due and we are ready to receive same. Owing to a new law passed during the last Legislature, relative to preparing the receipts, all taxes will have to be paid at the office. So please call and pay your taxes at your earliest convenience.

2ft.
T. H. BLACK,
Sheriff Ohio County.

Why have a measure of protection on Eastern manufacturers that have been established for generations and remove it entirely from the best fields of the Western States?—Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald.

Astray Notice.

Taken up as an astray, one hog about a year old. Owner can have said hog by identifying and paying for upkeep and this notice.

W. G. BOSWELL,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

Educational Ballot.



DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Representative

M. T. WESTERFIELD.....

For County Judge

JNO. B. WILSON.....

For County Attorney

J. P. SANDEFUR.....

For County Clerk

J. B. RENFROW.....

For Sheriff

T. E. BUTLER.....

For Jailer

CHAS. P. TURNER.....

For Assessor

C. C. HINES.....

For School Superintendent

OZNA SHULTS.....

For County Surveyor

.....

For Coroner

.....

For Magistrate

T. F. TANNER.....

For Constable

.....



REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Representative

N. B. WHITE.....

For County Judge

MUSKER L. HEAVRIN.....

For County Attorney

C. E. SMITH.....

For County Clerk

W. C. BLANKENSHIP.....

For Sheriff

S. O. KEOWN.....

For Jailer

W. P. MIDKIFF.....

For Assessor

D. E. WARD.....

For School Superintendent

HENRY LEACH.....

For County Surveyor

C. S. MOXLEY.....

For Coroner

A. B. RILEY.....

For Magistrate

ED SHOWN.....

For Constable

.....



SOCIALIST TICKET.

For Representative

A. E. CHAPMAN.....

For County Judge

JOHN SHULTZ.....

For County Attorney

J. T. RONE.....

For County Clerk

R. A. DAVIS.....

For Sheriff

E. G. AUSTIN.....

For Jailer

A. T. DAVIS.....

For Assessor

T. J. PHELPS.....

For School Superintendent

ROBT. DAVIS.....

For County Surveyor

.....

For Coroner

.....

For Magistrate

.....

For Constable

.....

Constitutional Amendment.

"Are you in favor of the proposed Constitutional Amendment which will allow the employment of convict labor upon public roads and bridges?"

YES NO

"Are you in favor of the proposed Constitutional Amendment to Section 171 of the Constitution of Kentucky, which proposed amendment will allow the classification of property for taxation, and which provides that laws past, pursuant to said Amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the People?"

YES NO



Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

For Sale.

On account of a change in my business I desire to sell my farm of 157 acres lying one and one-half miles north of Hartford on the Owensboro road. Will sell as a whole or will divide. Easy terms.

Address me at Dermott, Ark., or see A. M. Barnett one mile north of Hartford.

V. G. BARNETT.

WHENEVER You Say Anything

Say Something Worth While